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Reflector

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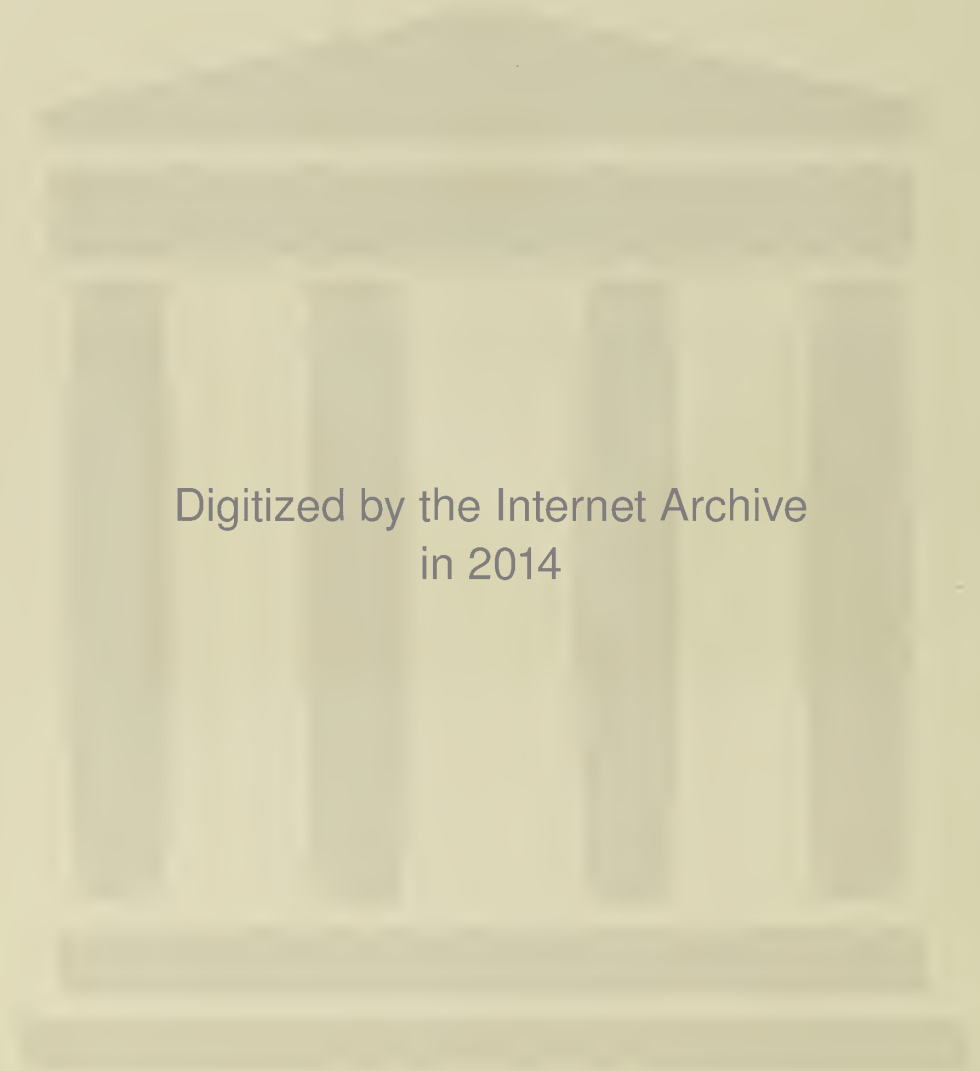

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REFLECTOR

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ISSUE

1931

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Volume Nine

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1930-1931

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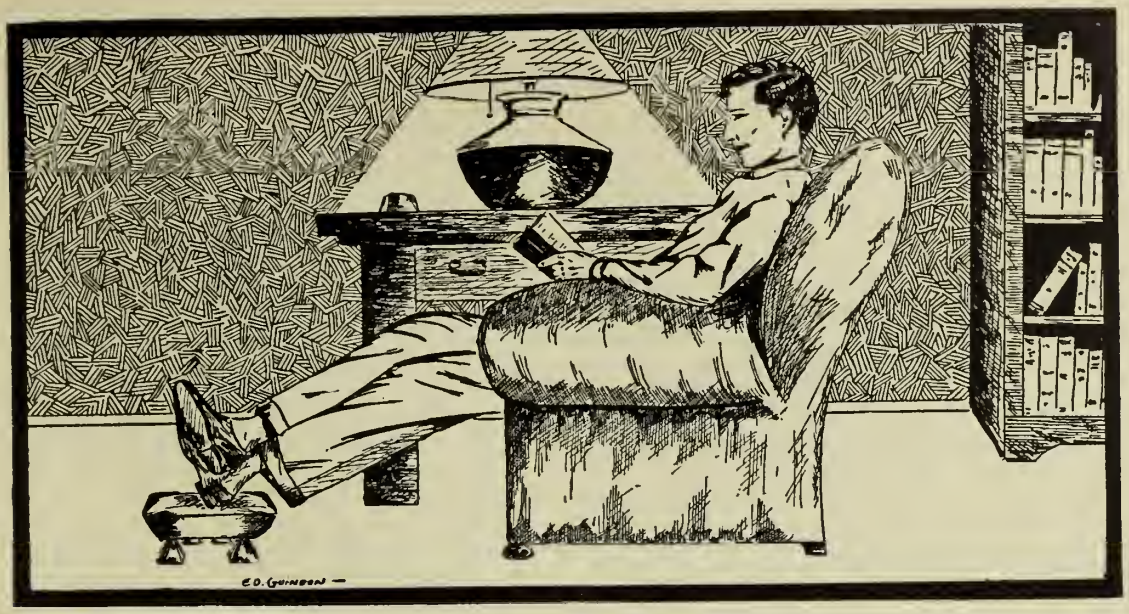


Valentines

It was February 13 when Mrs. Jones entered the "Bluebird Gift Shop" with her friend Doris.

"Oh, my dear, I simply *must* get some valentines for Edgar. These little festive days mean so much to children! And Edgar is so emotional. Yes, he's thirteen now. Pardon me, I'd like to see *that* one. No, no, the yellow one! My dear, did you ever *see* such a crowd! Edgar wanted to buy his own valentines this year, but I still think he's much too young. Yes, he is old for his age! Why, the other day he explained the whole solar system to us! Well, I suppose they *do* have it in school. Most children wouldn't know it even then. I don't like that valentine, do you, Doris?"

"Well, last year I let him send his valentines and you'd never guess what he did. He sent a picture of a crab, with 'This is you, my Valentine' beneath it, to little Dorothy Hughes! Imagine! I had asked her to go to the party with Edgar, and of course she didn't! My dear, I was never so mortified in all my life! *I* with my application in for the 'Steele-Addison Literary Appreciation Club for Women' and Mrs. Hughes the chairman! I spoke to John about it. He said that he would punish Edgar, and I listened to what they said. I told him not to be harsh—Edgar is so sensitive! Is there *anyone* waiting on this counter? I can't wait here *all* day. And you can never imagine what John said. He said, 'My son, you shouldn't have hurt the finer sensibilities of Dorothy, even if her mother is an old cat. But I've got to hand it to you. I don't believe your mother will join that club. You did me a favor. Here's a quarter, but don't say anything to your mother!'

"Imagine! And Edgar not the least chagrined! He grinned at John and said 'You bet, Dad, we men've got to stick together. And Dorothy's an awful clam. I didn't want to go with her. That's why I sent it to her. Ya otta see the one I sent to Lois. I'd rather go with her.'

"Well, Doris, I didn't know *what* to do. Doris, look at that valentine over there—that red one with that absolutely *cheap-looking* girl sitting on that positively *insipid-looking* boy. Such things to suggest to children! I don't think much of these modern valentines. I can remember the first one John sent me. It was adorable, just 'Will you be My Valentine?' on it. But I sort of read between the lines.

"Yes I'll take these, one, two, three, four, and, oh, yes, this one. Well, Edgar got his way. Lois went to the party with him and I didn't join the club. Oh, have you got those *all* done up? I want this one, too. There, that's all."

M. Pray '31

Memories of a Modern Nomad

What a glorious thing it is to travel! How wonderful it is to see, in reality, those places and things about which we read! And what pleasant memories these jaunts of ours bring back to us!

Perhaps you would like to look back on my memories with me. Let me tell you about the first ocean trip I ever took. That was when I was eight years old. My father had been ordered to Santo Domingo. Naturally, his family must follow him. Mother and I sailed from this same old Boston Harbor. In three days we arrived at Norfolk, Virginia, where we were to take the army transport. Well, that transport was the worst I have ever seen. It is an ex-German ship and makes only from ten to eleven knots full speed.

Of course, you know what it is to be a bad sailor. I found that out about an hour after we sailed.

The trip southbound usually calls for stops at Guantanamo, Cuba; Port au Prince, and Cape Haitien, Haiti; Puerto Plata and Santo Domingo. The ship also passes close to San Salvador Island, where Columbus first landed.

Guantanamo is interesting and important as the Winter Base for the Atlantic Fleet.

Port au Prince is the place where the headquarters of our military forces in Haiti is situated. It is also the largest city in population on the island.

In Cape Haitien Columbus made the first settlement, though it was not a permanent one. From the anchorage in Cape Haitien, one can see "Christoph's Castle." This castle is one of the greatest wonders of the world, ranking with the Pyramids. The story of Christoph, an ex-slave, is equal to anything in the Arabian Nights.

Then we came to the end of our journey at Santo Domingo, the oldest city in the Western Hemisphere. Columbus founded it in 1498. As our ship was coming into port, we could see the wreck of the "Memphis," which makes a prominent landmark on the rocky beach of the city. After going ashore, we had to remain at a hotel for several days before we could find a house. It was indeed of real Spanish architecture: the walls were of cement probably two feet in thickness; the floors were of beautiful mosaic; the ceilings were twice as high as those in the ordinary American home. This house had no glass windows, but contained large apertures in the walls which might be closed by means of shutters. The railing on our front porch and the wall before the house were things of beauty. They were solid rock which had been carved into gracefully curved designs. Two tall Spanish bayonet trees guarded the grilled gate which opened into the garden.

The city was just as interesting. The Parque de Independencia stands before a large arch which leads directly to the city. The little native shops contain interesting things both modern and shall we say "native"? In the street there are modern automobiles mingling with rickety coaches. Here and there a man rides by on his heavily laden burro.

We are before the large fort which guards the entrance to the city. It is surrounded by a large wall three feet thick. At the entrance are two enormous doors thickly studded with iron bolts. These doors are left open in time of peace, but are closed in time of war. There are a few offices beyond the wall, but the most interesting building is the huge *cuaretel*, which is one of the most massive buildings in the city and is used for a jail. It reminds one of a medieval castle with its dungeons. It is made of huge square-cut rocks. Light is admitted to its interior by grilled slits in the walls.

Then there is Santo Domingo's most beautiful cathedral, surrounded by a high wall which is mottled and discolored by centuries of varied weather. The interior of the cathedral is a museum of art in itself. Beautiful paintings and sculpturing decorate the high walls. At the entrance of the main door is the tomb of Columbus. The remains are inclosed in a beautifully ornate iron chest. The chest stands in the midst of a graceful arch which is surmounted by a statue of Columbus.

In going out the side door one comes upon the Parque Colon. This is the most prominent park in the city, because it is surrounded by the principal buildings of state.

That is how I spent two years—wandering through the dusky passages of this old city. Our orders finally came to move again and, as bad luck would have it, we were bound to sail on the same transport.

On our northbound trip, we came first to Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, which is very beautiful from the ship. It has one of the finest harbors in the West Indies. "Bluebeard's Castle" famous in story, is here and is still occupied. The port has always been famous for its bay rum and as a coaling station.

San Juan comes next. It is a thriving, bustling American city, with all the American conveniences and New York prices. It has frequent and fast communication with New York and, hence, all the latest things are found in its shops. It has one excellent hotel, the equal of any one at home.

San Juan also has a fine harbor and is picturesque from the bay. At the entrance to the bay is a typical old Spanish fortress, the Morro. It is practically a duplicate of the famous Morro guarding the entrance to Havana Harbor.

And so we left the West Indies and sailed for fourteen days, until we reached the United States once more.

Dorothy Dickerson '32

Gold Stripes

Sam Davis, quartermaster of the S. S. Dixie, was studying hard in his little cabin. The next day he took and passed his tests for third mate. At last he was on his way for the four gold stripes of captain.

At the age of thirty, Sam was captain of the Petrel, a freighter. On his first trip, he ran into head winds and stormy seas from New York to Liverpool. Captain Davis hardly left the bridge during the trip. He was wet and cold, for several roaring coamers had swept the bridge. But he was determined not to trust his first command to anyone else. They docked at Liverpool, only a few hours off schedule and without the loss of a man. For that, Davis won special commendation from the head of the company.

So for five years more Captain Sam Davis sailed his ships to their destination, never losing a man and rarely off schedule. But the captain's hair was graying from constant worry and vigilance. He realized that he was aging prematurely. He risked for the first time letting his ship sail without his being on the bridge any more than was necessary. The trip proved as successful as his former ones. Davis did this four times, remainingoff the bridge a little longer each time. The fifth time he took a few drinks from the medicine chest. (What he drank was not medicine).

The first mate rapped on the loor, 'Better come on deck, sir. It's beginnin' to blow a gale!"

The captain's reply was unprintable, but the first gathered that Davis was not coming up. An hour later the first rapped again. "We're off a strange coast, sir. Would you mind taking command?"

"No, I told you that once before," shouted the angry skipper. The mate left, shaking his head sorrowfully. After fifteen minutes had passed, Davis cooled off enough to realize that he should be on the bridge. He staggered to the door. Just as he reached for the knob, there was a terrific crash. The ship was hurled backwards and then forward again with another crash. "She's aground!" gasped the now sober captain. He dashed on deck as the vessel listed to the port. One look was enough.

"Man the boats!" he shouted. It was a wet and discouraged captain who sat in a boat and watched his ship settle and sink.

The company "broke" him. Davis spent two years roaming all over the world; finally, he sat on a quay at Shanghai and gazed into the muddy water. Anybody could read that human derelict's mind. Suicide! Nerving himself, he started to spring, but a hand on his shoulder stopped him. Turning about, he looked into the face of his former boatswain. He was boatswain no longer, for on his sleeve were two gold stripes.

"Captain Davis, sir," he said, "when I was a boy in school, my old teacher read me a few lines by some old writer. They go something like: 'When a man has high hopes which finally succeed, he gets to thinkin' he's pretty hot until somethin' comes along an' puts him back at th' foot o' the ladder again.' Buck up! We need a third mate for the China Maid. Better take it!" Davis did.

Now he is second mate again and is working for first. Shakespeare was right; Barnum was wrong.

Richard Gridley '31

A Story Without a Name

I had been searching vainly for the old horse pistol which I had promised to give to the museum. John Smithkins, who had accompanied me to the attic to assist in the search, motioned to a dark corner under one of the eaves and pointed to what, in the semi-darkness, appeared to be an old trunk. Together we dragged it out in the open and, after carefully scraping off the dust with which it was coated, fell to work in endeavoring to open it.

It was a trunk of very great proportions, being larger than the modern steamer trunk. It was encircled by four great bands of iron which made it almost impervious to our attacks upon it. After spending a long hour vainly trying our skill as lock-pickers, I hit upon the idea of hitting the lock with a chisel. John looked on from a respectable distance as I struck the first blow. Two more blows, in rapid succession, was all that was necessary to destroy the usefulness of that lock for all times.

We opened the trunk, eagerly expecting to see old relics of the days of my venerable ancestors. You can readily imagine the surprise of my friend and my own consternation upon finding the trunk absolutely empty. We sat down and stared at the unoffensive object of our smouldering anger which, by the way, radidly gave way to a flaming rage, when we remembered the length of time and the infinite patience that had been consumed in our labors in trying to open it.

Angrily and with a curse on my lips, I kicked the cover shut and gave further vent to my feelings by slamming a heavy book-end at it. By some miracle the book-end caught on one of the iron braces and as I yanked it free I heard a muffled click. Apparently my companion also heard it, for, with a shout, he threw open the cover and I observed a trap door, ingeniously placed in the false bottom.

Immediately beneath this opening I perceived a piece of rawhide string which I drew out. Attached to this rawhide was a chamois bag which was bulging as from many stones or coins. Imagining myself on a treasure hunt, I hastily drew it open and pulled out a handful of ordinary pebbles, of the beach variety, and a small leather-bound book. Eagerly I opened the book, which, I perceived instantly, was a diary. It was closely written in a firm hand and much in detail.

John and I spent the evening reading the different entries. As we progressed, we came upon the story of my venerable ancestor, who, ten generations ago, died in a delirium from a cause which mystified the best of doctors, and which has remained a mystery until now. John and I decided to write the tale in story form and, once and for all, clear up the mystery of my esteemed and honored forebear.

In the early summer of the year 1659, a merchantman sailed from the Indies to England with a cargo of spices. Listed on the roster of the ship was an Englishman named Jonathan Naseby, a very peculiar man of gigantic proportions. Despite his strength and good-humor, he was not a good "mixer" and refused to remain in the company of his fellow seamen when off duty. He had, however, one friend in whom he confided and whom he seemed to enjoy talking to. This man was William Martin, writer of the diary and the most talked-of limb of my family tree.

When the voyage was nearly completed, Jonathan Noseby suddenly fell violently sick. He became delirious and in his delirium asked only for Martin, in whom he confided that he had been poisoned. He died without a tremor one night while Martin was at his side. The suffering and death of this friend caused Martin to vow vengeance upon his friend's unknown murderer. No one on the ship seemed to care, and the captain made only a cursory inspection and examination. When the ship arrived in London, and the cargo had been unloaded, William Martin crossed his name off the books, received his pay, and left for parts unknown.

Four months later a huge, bearded, unkempt man approached the captain of the murder ship and asked for a seaman's berth. He was accepted and his name entered on the books as William Nitram. He found that the crew was uneasy, since another man had died in a similar fit of delirium.

When the ship again set sail, Nitram had his plans all made and had secreted in his seaman's trunk a commission as a king's officer. His investigations for several days led him to an apparently blank wall, until one day he overheard a chance remark by one

of the crew. Acting on this unexpected information, he began his process of eliminating. One by one the men were absolved, and finally the suspicion narrowed down to only three men.

On the second day of his investigation of these three, he fell sick, and when he became well enough to leave his bunk, he found that another victim had been claimed by the cold-blooded murderer. This time it was the cook, one of his three suspects.

This new murder caused him to double his diligence, and he gained the captain's co-operation in his work. The other two men were able conclusively to prove their innocence, and no one remained to suspect.

Well, anyway, the lack of suspects caused Nitram to ponder many hours. At length he learned from the ship's doctor that in his frequent sick spells he became violently delirious. This delirium lasted several hours, during which no one dared approach him. This caused my esteemed ancestor to leave the ship without a prisoner when it returned to England, and two months later, he died. The diary told me that he committed suicide.

It seems that during his spells of sickness, he would plant several insects in the bunk of one of his shipmates. This insect's bite was very dangerous and usually caused death after a long, raging spell of delirium. Jonathan Naseby was his first victim. The second victim was claimed by the escape of one of the insects from the case in which they were kept. The cook was the third victim, this time by Martin's actually being there to put the insect on the sleeping man.

He committed suicide rather than unwittingly let any more people lose their lives owing to his sub-conscious absession. His form of suicide was to inject one of the insects into his arm and let it do its sinister work.

I was the first one to know the reason for his strange death, as the diary was hidden in his great sea-chest, which I was the first to discover.

Hartshorn '32

The Squealer

"Listen, you guys," said Butch Morgan, "we pull this job to-night, and it's the hot-seat for the guy that gets caught. If ya see a bull, give him the works. The haul is worth it."

"What a gorilla!" murmured one of the "guys" to another. "I bet he'd rather croak a bull than eat!"

"Aw, he's a snake," replied Snoopy Wilson viciously, "and he'll get lead-poisoning yet."

Snoopy soon left the "joint" and, after many false turns, slid stealthily into a speak-easy. Here a man was sitting at a table near a door, and Snoopy went toward him.

"Well," remarked the man, "I see you have come to your senses at last."

"Butch is pullin' the job to-night," replied Snoopy, "and you wanta look out if you frame him and the gang. He's a mean rod-slinger and he's got plenty of sand in his craw."

"Listen, little-wit," was the answer, "be careful, or Butch may find out who spilled the dope."

"Awright," answered Snoopy, and went out.

The other, a "plain clothes" man hastened to headquarters, and arranged to have policemen posted at the bank which Butch was planning to rob. About an hour after the policemen had taken their positions, a large car drove up, and several men jumped out, and ran to the side entrance.

"Who's there?" cried a voice.

"It's the guard," whispered Butch. "Croak the rat."

A shot crashed out, and Butch and his gang were inside, "Gimme the soap," demanded Butch, "I'll blow it wide open."

Suddenly the hidden policemen jumped out. "Put 'em up!" was the terse command, and it was quickly obeyed. Then from behind the policemen stepped Snoopy.

"Ha, Butch," he gloated, "it's the hot-seat for that little job last year you was goin' to frame me for."

"You rat," snarled Butch, "I'd croak you for a quarter."

"Ta ta," chuckled Snoopy, as Butch was led away, "I won't see you again."

"I shoulda had 'im chopped," he murmured, hoarsely as he went out.

Walter Lewis '31

The Life of a Powder-Horn

I was created in the noble state of Virginia about the year eighteen hundred and six. My creator, a fourteen year old boy, fashioned me from one of the horns of a bull from his father's farm. I was finished and ready for service in about a week. My maker took me on his next hunting trip, during which we had a great time. Before starting, he poured into me a dark, sandlike substance which occupied about three-fourths of my interior. The powder, as I afterward learned was its name, felt heavy. I didn't mind this, however, for I was glad to be of some service to my master. We had fair success on this first trip of ours and my master treated me kindly. He even allowed me, on our return, to share his room with him. In this manner we passed the years of his youth quite happily together. There was, on the other hand, one thing I rather strongly objected to. That was when he cut a small nick in my side every time he bagged a bird. Yet one advantage of this was that I could at any time tell how many birds I had assisted in shooting.

Alas, we now come to the saddest part of my life. One day, when we were returning from a highly successful trip, we met one of Ned's companions. He ran to greet us, and called out to us that war had been declared. He began to tell my master how the English, of whom Ned had often spoken wrathfully, had gone too far and Congress had declared war on them. We reached home soon, and, as the hour was late, went right to bed. In the morning, Master Ned announced to his mother his intention of joining the army. In two more days we packed up and left the house. His mother, who stood in the doorway, was almost overcome by tears. We caught up to a group of the neighbors' boys and all of us reached the camp after about ten hours of marching. We slept in a tent, as we had often done while out hunting, surrounded by many other young men. I noticed some of my relatives on the backs of a few, but none of my species had quite the noble young master I had.

We were aroused the next morning by the sound of guns firing and we went quickly out into the open air. Ahead of us were a good many of our young fellows, fighting desperately in the face of odds. Ned and I soon mixed in the fray. The air was filled with smoke and the stench of blood. Suddenly I felt a tremor pass through the body of my master. Upon seeing Ned fall, one of his friends felt of his heart and then murmured, "Dead!" Just as he was about to spring away, he became aware of my presence; whereupon he stripped me off Ned's back. A moment later I fainted from the shock of my only friend's death and also from my own brutal treatment.

When I came to, I was in a dark room, which I later recognized as the attic of some house. From that time on I spent the dullest part of my existence.

About a year ago I was rudely awakened from my semi-conscious state and the dust of decades was brushed off me. I then found myself in the hands of a young man about the age my first master had been at the time of his death. From that time on, I have been an object of curiosity. *Malcolm Kemp '31*

Valentine's Day

Everybody knows that February fourteenth is called Valentine's Day. But I am sure few know why it is so called or how the custom of sending valentines originated.

The day got its name from eight different Christian martyrs, all named Valentine. On the fourteenth of February, medieval churches used to hold services in their honor.

The custom of sending valentines, however, originates from a far different source. As it happened, February fourteenth was the day on which the Roman festival for springtime took place. Because both of these fell on the same day they were linked together and have existed for so long that a good many people have forgotten how the day originated. *Editor*

How to Succeed

"Push!" said the button.
"Take pains," said the window.
"Never be led," said the pencil.
"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Do business on tick," said the clock.
"Don't lose your head," said the pin.
"Do driving business," said the hammer.
"Aspire to great things," said the nutmeg.

Rita Leonard '34

A Different Story

Beef Howland, city crook and "con" man, walked serenely down the gangplank of the S.S. Seattle onto Alaskan soil. He went immediately to a "hash-house" and ordered a stack of flapjacks, which he ate greedily. He was a wanted man, having escaped from the "pen" in which he was supposed to be doing ten years for an oil fraud in Texas.

As Beef ate, his piggish eyes roamed the room. It was a small, low-ceilinged room with only two small windows in the front. Over in one corner sat an old man, his head resting on the table and a whiskey bottle at his elbow. Beef, whose business it was to look for suckers, walked over to the old man's table and threw down a pair of loaded dice. The grizzled old man looked up at him and said drunkenly, "Felluh, I'm rich and poor at the same time. I've got a gold mine that's worth a half million, but nobody will stake me because they all think I'm crazy."

At mention of a gold mine, Howland's ears pricked up. He was a gambler and he would take a chance. "How much money do you need?" he asked.

"About two or three thousand dollars," answered the old miner.

"I'll stake you on a fifty-fifty proposition and go with you to help you," said Howland.

"Shake on it, son," said the miner and the deal was on.

A week later Beef and the old man started for the claim. They both worked with all that was in them to get the gold out of the ground.

After about three months of hard work they threw down their pans and yelled like schoolboys in June. They were through! Fifty thousand ounces of gold were at their disposal. "A monstrous sum," thought Beef. "Enough to give a man a good time the rest of his life. Nearly a million dollars."

The more Howland thought this over, the more greedy for the gold he became. One night he slipped from his bunk and stabbed the man who had been almost a father to him. The next day he buried the old man, took the gold and the dog-team, and started back. That night a mighty blizzard came up, whipping everything in its path. As the bitter cold reached through Beef's clothing, he sank in the snow, longing to sleep.

During the next summer a young man following the trail of the mine came upon a sled, dogs, and a man who had been frozen stiff the winter before. On the sled was so much gold that the young fellow could scarcely carry it. He took it and went on to his father's claim, where he saw a grave with this inscription on wood: "Here Lies a Fool. He trusted me."

The young man smiled grimly as he recollected the scene back on the trail, and walked slowly towards the cabin. *Karl Peterson '31*

Imagination

"I haven't enough imagination," said Shelia softly, as she walked down the broad concrete sidewalk toward the office of the *Daily Jaunt*. "That's my main difficulty. I guess that—oh—pardon me!"

A young man had been standing at the junction of the two streets and Shelia, absorbed in her thoughts and looking neither to left nor to right, had collided with him and had nearly knocked him over.

"My dear young lady, whatever your main difficulty may be, I trust it does not lie in the field of athletics. What a football player you would make!" said the young man, rubbing his aching shins, sorrowfully.

"Do you really think so?" asked Shelia, thoughtfully.

"Young lady, I know so!"

"Well, perhaps I am more of a success as a participant than as an onlooker. I'm sure of one thing, however, and that is, that as an associate editor on the *Daily Jaunt*, I'm a total failure. But I must be going along. I may as well celebrate my last day, and arrive at the office on time for once."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm told that I lack imagination, and that point seems to be necessary for my success. You see, I'm a sport editor, but I don't know anything about sports. Until now I've bluffed along and held my job; but the climax has arrived. I've got to meet a new cub reporter at the office tomorrow, take him to the baseball game, and explain the art of making

an accurate and entertaining report. So it looks as though the jig's up for me."

"Who is this new cub reporter, if I'm not too inquisitive?"

"I suppose it won't do any harm to tell you. His name is Graham Stanton, and his father is worth stacks and stacks of money, but he wants to learn the business, and it looks as if I'll learn how to exit. He'll probably get my position, which he doesn't need any more than a cat needs two tails. But that doesn't matter; he'll get it when the boss finds how I've tricked him all this time."

"Are you sure that this Stanton fellow wants your job?"

"No, not positively. I'm not sure of anything, except that I'll certainly get fired."

"That's too bad. I wish there was something I could do about it. Let me see—er—I have it! How much time have you got?"

"Just this afternoon, tomorrow is the big day for Stanton. But what is your plan?"

"Well, I've got some tickets to the Yankee-Red Sox game and I thought maybe you'd accompany me and I could teach you some of the rudiments of the game."

"All right, but I don't know who you are or anything about you."

"Just call me Jimmy. That's an easy name to remember, and I live in a house with my father and mother. Now it's your turn."

"My name is Shelia Greene, single, white, and unimaginative, and I live in a boarding-house at 27 Pleasant Ave. Let's get started then, Jimmy. I'm ready."

"That's the way to talk, Shelia."

* * * * *

"Do you understand the game now, Shelia?" asked Jimmy, as they slowly wended their way back through the mass of moving people.

"Oh, yes, and thank you so much. I owe my job to you. I'll never be able to thank you enough."

"Well, if you really want to thank me, I'll be much obliged if you'll go to dinner some night soon with me."

"O. K. with me. Here's my mansion. Goodbye, Jimmy, and I'm glad to have met you."

* * * * *

"And you say that your boss received a telegram saying that Graham Stanton has changed his mind about learning the art of reporting and has entered his father's office instead?"

"Yes, and after all your trouble explaining the game. This is a lovely place, Jimmy. You shouldn't have gone to so much expense. Next thing you know you'll be bankrupt. Roses on the table and everything. By the way, I don't know your last name, Jimmy. What is it?"

"I don't think that I'd better tell you until you've told me whether you love me or not."

"Why—er—Jimmy, I really don't know. I just met you last week. I hardly think that I can answer you fairly on such a short acquaintance."

"Why, I've read all your editorials for the past week, and I think you're wonderful. If you'll only give me some encouragement and say that you care for me a little, why, I'll be content—for a while. Don't you believe in love at first sight, Shelia? Is there anyone else? If there is, well, I'll go away and try to forget. I don't believe I'm worthy of you, anyhow, after the way I've fooled you. My name is Graham James Stanton and I'm awfully sorry. I've been a miserable cad and I don't imagine you'll ever care for me now."

"I haven't much imagination, but Jimmy, I'll try and make a bluff at it."

Constance Nash '31

My Friend

You may be six kinds of a liar,
You may be ten kinds of a fool,
You may be a bloomin' high flyer,
Without any reason or rule.

There may be a shadow above you
Of ruin and woes that impend,
I may not love, but I like you.
I like you because you're my friend.

I "knock" you, I know, but I do it
The same to your face as away,
And if other folks knock—
Well—they rue it,
And wish they had nothing to say.

I never make diagrams of you;
No maps of your soul have I penned,
For I don't analyze—I just like you
Because—well, because
You're my friend.

Martin Mahoney '31

Ship Yard Impressions

When a boy is engaged to work in the Bethlehem Ship Yard, he is given a physical examination. If the boy proves sound enough, he is given an insurance policy, a time card, and a badge.

All this takes place in the Employment Office outside the yard. He then goes back to the main gate, where his time card and the number of his badge is recorded.

Going into the yard through the main gate, he passes engine houses, piles of sorted steel plates and girders, power stations, machine shops, blacksmiths' shops, and the fire station. There is a Company Store in the yard, where everything from work clothes to vacuum cleaners are sold.

One boy who began working there during summer vacation, his started in the "S. D.," or Riveting Department. He was assigned to a crew of French Canadians.

The riveter is the boss of the crew, and is generally the largest man. The riveter impressed the boy, since he weighed about two hundred and thirteen pounds, solid and as strong as an ox. A crew consists of four men, the riveter, holder-on, heater-boy, and passer-boy.

The riveter drives the rivets or puts a head on them. (Rivets are similar to nails, having one head.) His job is always hard for he can never use a jam, but must always hold his gun to shape the heads. Sometimes, when the rivets are long, he has to chip them. A chipping machine is smaller than a gun and has a cold chisel instead of a dye in it. After chipping the rivet, he must lay one machine down and pick the other up and make the head flush with the deck, or shell. When he does not chip them, he uses "snap" rivets, which are only used in the places that are covered up and cannot be seen when the ship is built, or on the outside, because they would stop the smoothness of the ship's progress.

The holder-on holds the rivet in place and up tight so that the riveter can drive it. His job is sometimes easy, especially when he uses a jam, which is a machine with a large cylinder similar to an air pump for pumping tires. An iron pipe is used when the distance is very great from the staging up to the rivet. The holder-on turns off the air as it escapes from the cylinder, letting the piston into the cylinder eight inches. The size of the machine determines the distance, and the machine drops enough to let the passer-boy put a rivet in the hole. Then the holder-on turns on the air and it fills the cylinder, driving the piston out and clamping the machine tight against the rivet to be driven. That machine can only be used when the staging is strong and the work overhead.

On a shell job, the holder-on's machine is the same as the riveter's.

A holder-on has to get into all positions imaginable; that is what makes this job so hard.

In a very small place, a dolly-bar is used. A dolly-bar is made of solid iron and is about one foot long and one and one-half inches square. This head is held against the rivet. Sometimes the bar slips and the holder-on is struck with the falling rivet either in the face or on the body. It is never serious, because of the short distance it falls. No one bothers over a few burns.

The heater-boy heats the rivets in a forge about three feet high and one and one-half feet in diameter. Compressed air is used to keep the coke burning. The heater generally puts in nine or ten rivets in a circle around the center. When he throws a rivet, he puts another in its place, so that he always has hot rivets. The hard part of heating rivets is the intense heat and the gas. It is torture when the tongs get hot and burn through the gloves.

The heater must take most of the blame if the crew doesn't make piecework in a day. The heater always gets the blame.

The passer-boy catches the rivets from the heater and with tongs puts them in the hole for the holder-on to fasten to. Passing rivets is sometimes easy and sometimes hard. At times, the boy has to catch them when he has only one plank to stand on, and a slip would mean certain death. Other times he must jump from plank to plank with a white hot rivet in his hand. He has to crawl through holes, under supports, and he must go as fast as he can, for a cold rivet is very hard to drive, and to bring a cold rivet, is a grevious mistake, punishable by many choice words from the money crazy crew.

No one acts or looks, save when on piecework on a hot day; then they all swear and yell.

One day the crew was working on a finish up shell job. It was like an elevator shaft, only down at the bottom it came to a point where the sides of the ship cupped in. The place was small and the only way to get the rivets was for the heater-boy to drop them down through a two inch pipe-hole in the deck. This was all right until they worked half way down the side of the ship. Then the rivets would bounce around and fall on all parts of their bodies. They stuffed paper in their hats to act as a cushion, but a rivet falling from the top down to the bottom of a ship has quite a little force to it, and as a result, the shoulders and heads of the crew were bruised and burnt. The gas given off from the corking was suffocating, and made the men's eyes smart. The gas was most intense after the boy slipped a rivet home, and the white hot iron rivet set the corking on fire. They had just about enough strength to climb up out of their hole at the end of the day.

Another time they were working inside the ship when the holder-on lost his nerve. It was a hot day and they had carried the forge right down beside the crew so that they could work faster. The heater was moving his forge alongside of the rest of the men; between the heat of the day and the fire in the forge, the staging overhead caught on fire. Nevertheless, they had to keep working in spite of all the heat, choking smoke, nerve-racking noises, and the intense tension all around, which made the work almost unbearable. No human being could stand it, least of all the nervous holder-on. When the smoke and gas from the forge started, he began coughing. The riveter, being money crazy, kept his gun pounding impatiently, but the nervous holder-on let it get the best of him. His nerves gave away, and he cried and screamed like a baby. The safety man wouldn't let us work there any more, until a hole was burnt through to admit air.

J. Sullivan '33

A Great Life

To begin with, burned toast and no morning paper do not make a pleasant breakfast-time for the "man of the house." So, with the baby crying and Norma in one of her temper-fits, it was no wonder that Emily's, for the time being, worst half, threw her only a cross "Good by" as he hurried towards the station.

After satisfying the desires of Teddy and spanking Norma, Emily started the dishes, only to be stopped by the incessant ringing of the telephone. Crash! Norma was "helping" with the dishes again. Darn! Hastily excusing herself, she rushed to the kitchen and surveyed the mess.

"Oh, well! After dishes, baking. What dullness housework is! Norma, you must *not* grab the goldfish! Come here and watch me bake!"

So Norma obediently trotted to the kitchen with Tobby, the cat, following. Norma climbed on a chair and Tobby jumped on the table.

"Get out! You're always where you're not wanted!"

A slight rustle attracted Emily's attention. There standing on the porch, an outraged expression on her face, was the next door neighbor, who indignantly retraced her steps just as Emily was about to explain as best she could.

"O dear, what a life!"

Came the noon and Norma *must* have cocoa. "Oh, that cover! It would stick. There!—Oh! all over me! There's the doorbell. Norma you sit still 'til I come back!" She jerked out a handkerchief and wiped her face.

"Are you interested in books, Madam?—oh!"

Well, why didn't he go on and stop grinning like a sap. "No!" she snapped. "Insolent!"

The mirror in the hall was soiled; it needed to be cleaned. "Oh," she gasped, "no wonder he laughed, "that darned cocoa! I'm glad he was no one I know!"

Half past five, time for Norma to go to bed. "Thank heavens! peace at last. Oh, no, there's the doorbell again." This time she looked in the mirror.

"Package, Madam!"

"Oh, yes, thank you! Wonder what it is—for me!" Quickly she opened it—"Flowers from Ted. 'Be my valentine.' Oh, the darling! ! Well, this sure is a great life!"

Myrtle Pray '31

Valentines and a Pin

"Eddie, you don't love me."

"But, Betsy, darlin'—"

"Don't you 'darlin' ' me, you Eddie. If you don't give me that pin, I'll never speak to you again. So there!"

Eddie frowned. How could he get that pin? Mary had it, but he couldn't tell Betsy so, and Mary wouldn't let him have it. What did girls want of such stuff, anyway?

"But, I can't give—Why—say—listen, Bet, you meet me here tomorrow and I'll give it to you."

And so they parted, Eddie anxiously hoping his plan to get the pin from his old girl, Mary, who now seemed very uninteresting beside pretty Betsy, new in town, would work. Once at home, eight year old Eddie surveyed two valentines; one a comic, the other, handsome and lacey. Now he could send the pretty one to Betsy and could even get the pin from Mary. After putting the two valentines into envelopes, he carefully addressed them; the comic to Mary, the other to Betsy.

Next morning he purposely walked by Mary's house. Yes, just as he expected she was waiting for him.

"Hey, Eddie, you come here."

Eddie came nearer, slyly winking at his dog.

"You horrid, mean, old thing," Mary went on. "What do you mean by sending me that valentine?" she pointed to the comic in her hand. "I'll never speak to you again. After you told me that I was your best girl! I'm going to tell my mother. And you needn't think I want your old pin, either. So there!" Hurling the pin to the ground, she ran into the house.

Eddie grabbed it up and joyfully ran down the street to Betsy's house.

"Hey, Betsy!" he shouted.

Then when she came out, he said, "Look, I've got the pin."

"Oh, Eddie isn't it pretty? And thanks for the pretty valentine," said Betsy.

Eleanor Bicknell '33

Teacher: "So you've broken off a tooth. How did you do it?"

Six year old: "Oh, shifting gears on a lollipop."

Greatness

What is greatness? Is it power, richess, or supremacy over every living being? Is it talent, chart, or beauty? To all these things we answer, "No." Greatness is judged not by the deed, but by the manner in which it is done; not by the appearance of the man, but by his character.

As we think of great men, Lincoln comes first to our minds. Others have been great, but no other man lives in the hearts of his countrymen as Lincoln has lived. No man is loved by all races, creeds, and nationalities as Lincoln is loved. Who of us can not help but feel uplifted as we read of Lincoln's struggle against poverty, jealousy, and taunts which would have disheartened the strongest among us? He fought for his own convictions and ideals, not for money or fame. His only reward was in knowing that he had done his duty towards his country, his fellow citizens, and his God. Every action and deed of Lincoln's life was filled with simplicity and humility. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, short and simple, so typical of the man, characterized him far better than any essay or story. We can picture Lincoln as he rose awkwardly to the platform to deliver the speech which he had written on a piece of scrap paper—the speech which was to fill the audience with wonder and awe. Later we can see him, happy in the thought that the war between brothers is over, that the Union has been saved.

Then a sadder sight presents itself as we make out the figure of a man cold in death, cut down at the time when his country needed him most, to bring it out of chaos.

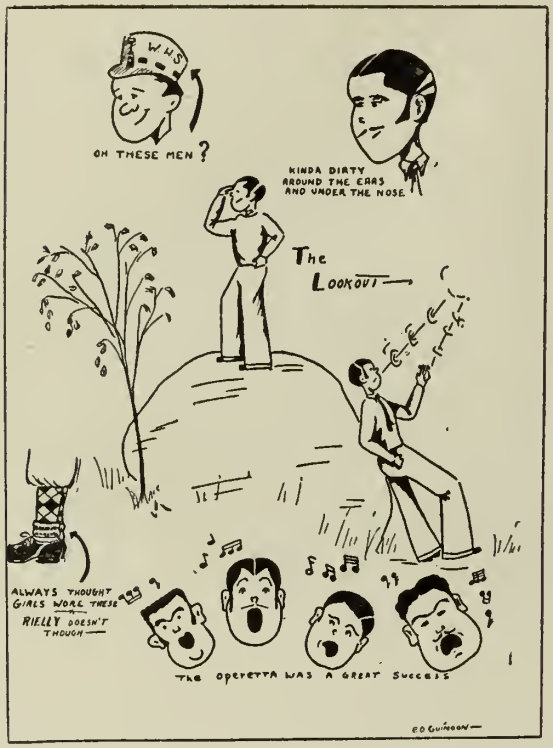
Lincoln, the gentle, loving leader, the man who guided his country through the most trying period of its existence, was truly great. He will never be forgotten by the country which he helped to save.

Sadie Lambe '31

The Waterfalls

The falls, the falls, the beautiful falls,
Oh, how they shine, sparkle and flash,
As down, ever down, they dash!
They roar, they sing, they play, and dance.
It makes one happy to see them prance.

Harold Doble, Junior Annex, Grade VII



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Winter

The summer visitors have long ago left for their homes, and a few fishermen and their families are the sole inhabitants of the small village of Blankton.

The deserted summer cottages gaze out on a bleak, wintry landscape, with vacant, eye-like windows. The wind whistles a melancholy, dirge-like tune as it rushes through the scraggly, dwarf pines that struggle for existence on the dismal sand dunes that lie beyond the houses.

On the beach, the cold, green, white-capped waves roar a deep accompaniment to the chant of the wind, while over on the snow-covered rocks the rollers boom and crash, sending sheets of frozen spray almost over the lonely coast-guard station. Out beyond, in the midst of a mighty tumult, stands the lighthouse like a cold grey spectre. Occasionally it is enveloped in a shroud of icy, wind-driven spray. In calmer moments a hardly discernible speck far out on the waves reveals itself to be a ship, laboring under her storm sails. In the cove, the small fishing crafts bob uneasily at their moorings. The pine-clad, snow-covered hills and woods behind the little white church complete the picture.

If the reader gives his imagination free rein, he will be transported to a spot which is close to my heart, particularly at the Christmas season, when a certain home-like cheer is infused into the veins of all who are so fortunate as to spend their Christmas holidays there.

Fletcher Bates '32

Time

Christmas is over, the new year's begun,
With the same old earth, and the same old sun;
But thoughts and ideals are one year advanced
New work, new friends, new things to be chanced.

Our old friend Tempus can't be stopped.
Onward, onward, he faithfully goes;
His age isn't reckoned by the clock
As he walks through life in his tattered clothes.

George Ward, Junior Annex, Grade VIII

An Unknown Tale

I cannot think where I was, or when it happened; but I was there, and somebody else was there—I know not who.

From a hazy chaos I found myself on the shore with this somebody, where the sea was black and rough, and the sky was filled with black clouds, which looked as though they were trying to get away from something—rushing, rushing. As I watched them, I thought they would never cease. They did not, but kept rushing on continually, until, disheartened, I became interested once more in the sea. Far off, where the horizon ended, I watched a wretched-looking ship approach. Somehow, I dreaded the thought of its coming ashore. My mind felt faint, and it seemed as if I had heard only the gushing of water and had seen only its splash all my life. It never occurred to me to wonder where I might be, but instead I had a strange, contented feeling. Soon I heard music, fine and sweet. My companion sang in tender tones while my mind began to waken. I started, my heart beat fast, and I began to tremble; I thought I should go mad, for approaching me were many, many figures of little devils with wicked faces. The music became louder and very shrill, until I thought I should go deaf. My companion vanished before my eyes, and above the music I could hear his voice seeming to call me and growing more and more excited. The devils drew closer and closer, leering with their homely, disfigured mouths and glaring evilly with their tiny, piercing eyes. I felt numb all over. My senses began to fail me. I could hear a faint hum of music, and could see mistily a thousand horrible faces and ugly forms swimming before my eyes.

I do not know where or how I experienced this. It was not a dream or a reverie, nor was it a dull thought, a half-dream, but I have experienced it—and it was agony for my soul.

Pauline Rose Williams

Mr. Lyons: McKenzie, if your father's car gets twenty miles to one gallon of gas and he bought ten gallons, how far could he go?

McKenzie: Not an inch. Ma drives our car.

The Confessions of a Wastebasket

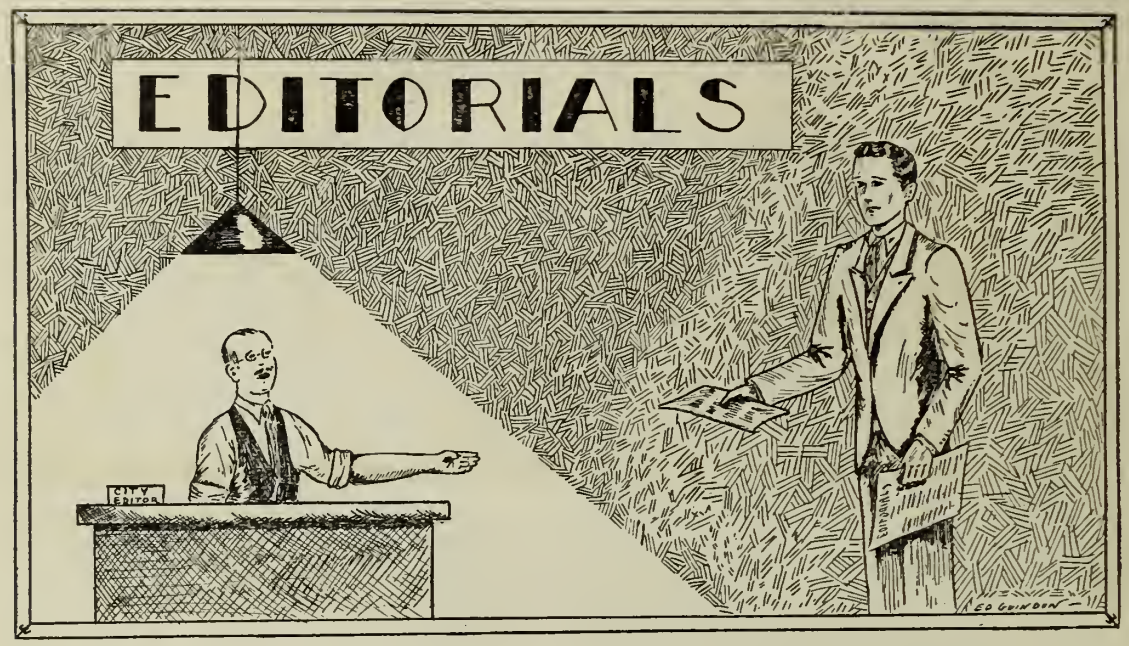
I sit in the corner and never am heard
To utter a murmur or speak a word.
I am used to hold papers, torn into bits,
While my mistress, pondering, at her desk sits.
But I think it is time to tell what I would—
She's not doing the studying that she really should.
Why she doesn't—I wish I knew.
I'll find out soon, though; the phone is the clew.
Each night about six, the telephone rings.
While talking, she jots down the silliest things.
When she hangs up the receiver, she sits there and dreams,
And then reads one page, fifty times, so it seems.
I've patched up these papers, torn up so small,
And finally I've found that he's handsome and tall.
He wears a blue sweater that matches his eyes,
And his greatest habit is heaving big sighs.
She tears up her themes when they're mostly done,
And throws them at me, until she has none.
She calls me such names as "English paper casket."
But, after all, I'm just a wastepaper basket!

Marjorie Burne '31

Ma, Mum and Mother

It's nice to have a chum who understands you
And really loves you just for what you are,
Someone whom you can go to with your troubles;
It's great to have a chum like dear old Ma!
It's nice to have someone to call companion
Who cares for things that you care for—just someone
To be with you in heart and soul and body.
Yes! Just a sweet companion like my Mum!
It's nice to have a pal to help you onward,
Just one to share your secrets with—no other
Who knows your every weakness and temptation.
It's great to have a pal like dear, sweet Mother!

Ola Jean Taylor '31



George Washington

George Washington—what a lot that name brings to the minds of those who hear it! What a wealth of feeling and sentiment! Who can deny that he was one of the greatest men of our history?

Born at Bridges Creek, in Virginia, February 22, 1732, he spent his childhood there in peaceful and uneventful contentment. While on a trip to India, when a young man, his almost uncanny ability to meet and overcome obstacles that were seemingly impossible was developed. Quiet, reserved, and resourceful, even then he seemed marked by destiny to become a leader of men.

In 1754, having been appointed a lieutenant colonel in a Virginia regiment, he met and defeated the French and Indian forces at Great Meadows. Then followed his vigorous defense at Fort Necessity. From then on, he figured greatly in the affairs of the nation. Always of a mathematical turn of mind, his ability to solve problems served him well. He placed and moved his men on the field of battle with surprising results. When the war ortly afterwards married Martha Danaridge in Virginia ended in 1757, he resigned and Curtis.

He died on December 14, 1799, to be mourned for by all. He had finished his work gloriously and faithfully, and to the last he shall be remembered. *Marie Conroy '31*

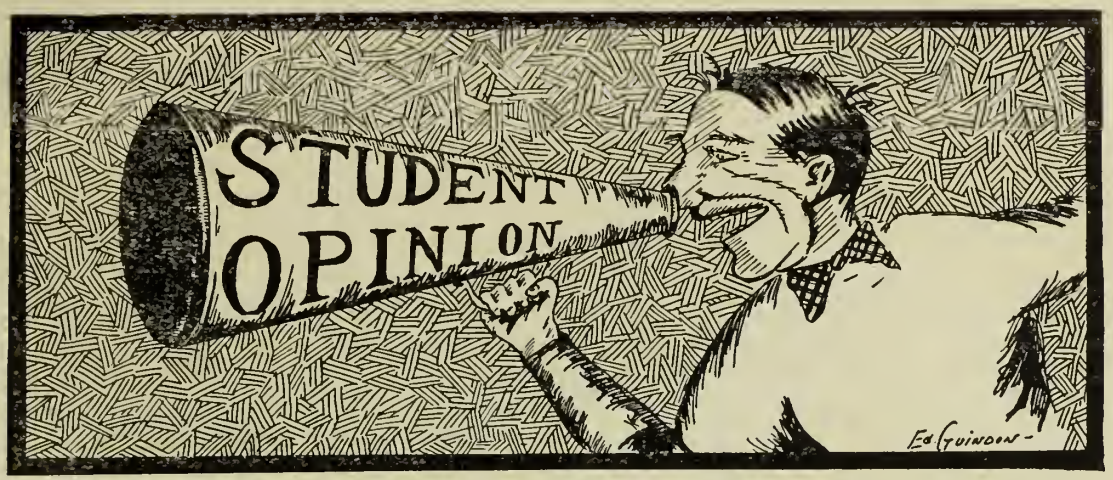
Marshal Joffre

The passing of Marshal Joffre was indeed the saddest event of the past year. "Papa Joffre", as the French called him, was one of the most kind and loving men in all France. He held the highest place in the heart of the whole world. The grim but vain fight which he showed near the end, when his leg had been amputated and his strength gradually ebbing out, showed what amazing courage and vitality there was in the soul of "the man of the hour."

Some critics even try to maintain that Joffre was not really the hero that he was said to be. They say that it was just luck on his part and of his making use of the mistakes of the Germans that won the battle of the Marne instead of a great military genius that he really was. They even doubt that his name will go down in history.

They can well say this after the war is over and after Joffre is dead. They should at least show some respect for the man who saved France and perhaps the whole world from being devastated and terrorized by the Germans, for if the Germans had won the battle of the Marne, they would soon have captured Paris and then, with France and Russia out of the way, they might have conquered the British Isles and the United States, too.

John Bentley '33



The editors of the REFLECTOR have been successful in the last few issues in keeping the columns free from any long-winded articles relative to "bigger and better school spirit" at Weymouth High. Yet, after our school has been defeated by wide margins in both football and basketball by a school of less than one-half our enrollment, it is time to call the attention of the male members of the student body to the fact that the school, in addition to offering opportunities for display of talent in operettas and study-halls, maintains adequate facilities for participation in interscholastic athletics. A professional coach has been hired by the School Committee but, despite his ability, he is seriously handicapped, without sufficient material with which to mould his teams. It is the common occurrence, when the various teams are called out, for a handful of regulars to show up, the remainder of the group consisting of freshmen, curious to know what it is all about. Unless this condition is remedied, by the students spending less time draped over a pool table and more time on the athletic field, athletics will stand in a bad way, and may even be dropped for lack of interest. *Foskett '31*

Notice

In the last issue, on the Student Opinion page, two of the titles were mixed up. The title to Scott's article was "Vote Yes," and to Miss Flynn's "School Spirit." I hope that these two juniors will excuse the mistake and write in to us again.

Seniors!! How about those class dues?

Why Weymouth Needs a Hockey Team

For several years the students of the Weymouth High School have been asking for a hockey team. If enough energy were shown and a few good reasons were given, I think that Weymouth would soon have that team.

There are certainly plenty of good players in the school and many athletes have already stated that they would "try out" for a hockey team if one were formed.

It is true that we did try to put a team on the ice three years ago. This team was unsuccessful, not from the lack of spirit and material, but because of the lack of ice. Why let ill luck spoil a good, clean sport? That winter was the worst, from a sporting standpoint, that we have had for many years.

Students, if you would like a hockey team, urge that a portion of the Legion Memorial Field be flooded and a hockey club be formed under student managership. We could surely make the sport successful if we had a good rink near the school.

Frederick N. Andrews '31

Freshmen Attention

As a postgraduate of W. H. S. and a member of the REFLECTOR Staff, I thought I'd try my hand at writing an article for the space entitled "Student Opinion."

Glancing over my pile of REFLECTORS, which I have kept through my four years in W. H. S. and before—I wonder who else can boast such a collection—I find that the Freshman Class every year have had hardly anything in the REFLECTOR. There have

been one or two articles in an entire year of four or five issues. It certainly looks bad for that class in particular.

Of course, I know all the excuses which I shall, at this point, have showered upon me, such as "We need all our time for studying to get a foundation for our four years in W. H. S."

Well, here I am coming at you. You all have English, and more than four or five times a year your various English teachers ask you to write a composition. There's your chance! If it has any value, your English teacher will pass it over to one of our literary editors.

I can't promise that all your stories or "what-have-you's will"be accepted, but I am perfectly sure they will stand a fair chance. Don't be disappointed, whatever happens.

Even the eighth-graders in the Junior Annex have a better showing than the Freshman Class. One even won a prize in a REFLECTOR contest. Come on, you freshmen; let's see what you can do.

There has *never* been a Freshmen Section in the REFLECTOR, because there has *never* been any need. So it's up to you, the Freshman Class, future authors, poets, and what-nots, to put on your thinking caps and start something.

The rest of us will sit back and watch for your dust, if you have any to kick up.

M. De Boer '30

Clouds

Have you ever noticed the clouds
Away up in the sky,
And the different shapes they take
As they sail majestically by?
Maybe at first *you* would not see
The different pictures that appear to *me.*
First I see, as they go by,
A full rigged ship sailing on high;
Then comes a picture that seems out of place—
A picture of a man with an angry face.
Next the ocean with its mountainous waves;
Then an old Roman galley,
With its hold full of slaves.
Many other pictures come and go.
Some are better than a movie show.
So take a look the next cloudy day,
And watch the clouds as they frolic and play.

Thomas Garvey '31

Marie's Ford

The Ford is my auto;
I shall not want (another).
It maketh me lie down beneath it;
It soreth my soul;
It leadeth me in the path of ridicule
For its name's sake.
Yea, though I ride in the valleys,
I'm towed up the hills;
I feel much evil;
For thy rod and thy engine discomfort me;
The radiator runneth over.
Surely, if this thing follows me the rest of my life,
I will dwell in the bug-house forever.

A Realistic Dream

Nothing is pleasanter to me than to wander along the seashore early on a summer morning with a companion. The air is cool and refreshing. The waves roll lazily upon the beach and then retard more swiftly. Nothing is heard but the low rumble of the waves and the soft sound of our feet upon the moist sand. The sun sends its friendliest rays upon the ocean, making it appear to be a sea sparkling with gold. A gauze-like haze covers the horizon, hiding the line between the sea and the sky from us. Our gaze is drawn to the scene as if by a charm.

But as the sun rises higher in the heavens and tourists whiz by in their cars, arousing us from the charm, we must wait until another day to find again the serene picture of early morning.

Rita Berchteld '33

Visions of Spring

I

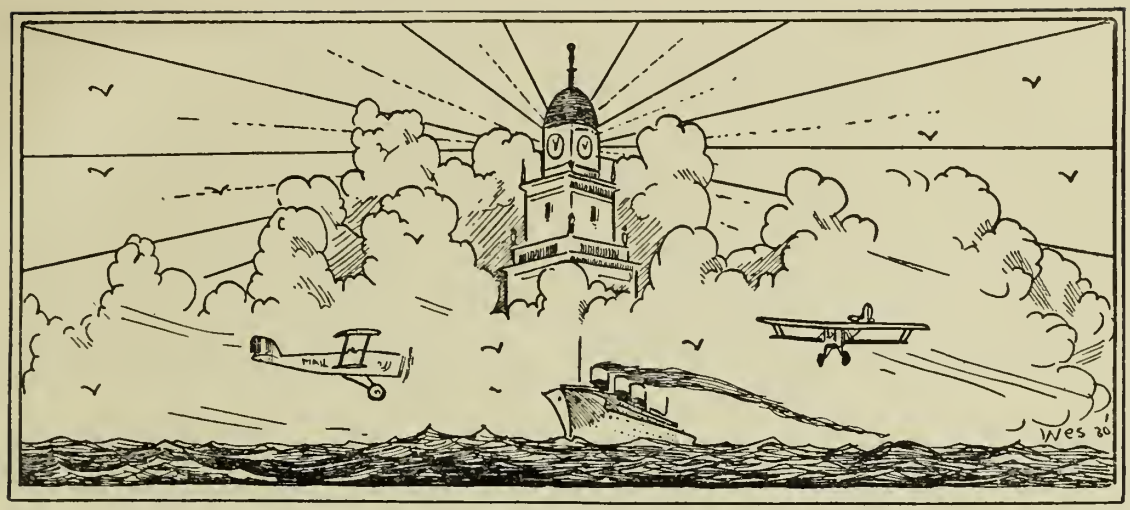
As I gaze out of my window
And see the snow on the ground,
I recall the visions of spring,
With flowers and grass all around.

II

I noticed the giant fir trees,
All laden with snow to their tips.
Then I think how they look in the summer,
Standing straight as the masts of ships.

Elsie Marshman '34

M. Pray: "I haven't any boy friends."
Bryant: "What do you call them?"
M. Pray: "I don't call them anything, but sometimes I wish I had nerve enough to."



Weymouth, Massachusetts.
Dear Dot: February 15, 1931.

Well, the year's more than half over. Time certainly does go fast in this school. A lot of things have happened this term. In the first place, the seniors had a New Year's Party with mistletoe. It was an enjoyable affair, even though some of the male members seemed very shy about dancing.

Basketball started off with a bang. School spirit has been running high—if measured in the amount of "booing" heard. Mr. Kennedy is coaching.

The juniors have elected their officers and their ring committee. The seniors also had a meeting for the picture and dance committees. Speaking of class meetings, there's plenty of room for improvement in them.

One day we came to school to find that we had visitors. The population of the toy shop was entertained as the guests of the class of '33: "And everywhere the sophies went the dolls were sure to go!"

The Varsity Club held another dance on the twenty-first. As usual, it was well attended.

The crowning event of the term, excluding the exams, was the operetta. It was held on the sixth and seventh of February and was certainly a great success.

Then, after all that excitement, came the exams, as boresome and surprising in their questions as ever.

Now, this term is over and we have only two more terms left in the year. The seniors, especially, hate to see it slipping away—their last year of school as "kids."

Love, Mary.

On Wednesday, January 21, the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications, of which our dear old Weymouth High is a very worthy and important member, held a meeting at Durfee High School, Fall River. The greatly honored staff members who represented the REFLECTOR were:

Myrtle Pray, Mr. Brown, Marie Conroy, Nookie Andrews, Catherine DeLuca, Leonard Bryant, Josephine Caruso, John Anderson, Sue Harper, Filomena Amoroso.

As soon as the one-thirty bell rang, (we got out of the last period, weren't we lucky?) we rushed to our home-rooms, got our coats and hats on, rushed outdoors and piled into the royal coaches that were to convey us in state to Fall River. All the girls rode in a Cadillac sedan, and the boys had a delightful little stag party in a Buick sedan. After a long ride, during which Sue Harper nearly had nervous prostration because our chauffeur would not drive faster than 25 miles an hour, we finally arrived at Durfee High School. The cars stopped before a very large gray building which, although it could *never* compare with Weymouth High, we had to admit was *some* school. The chauffeurs opened the doors for us, and with stately dignity—you'd be surprised!—we filed into the main hall of the High School, where we signed up and bought our supper tickets. Then we were informed by one of the staff members of "Durfee Hilltop" that we could get hot chocolate in the cafeteria. We went downstairs and were soon refreshing our wearied bodies with a really delectable cup of hot chocolate.

It was then about three-thirty. We took our coats and hats off, and until quarter to

four wandered around the building like straying cattle, inspecting just about everything. Then a bell rang, and we all assembled in the auditorium, where we listened to an excellent speech of welcome (a short and sweet one) given by the Principal, Mr. Carroll, and were given directions as to where our departmental meetings would be.

After a good deal of confusion and noise, everybody got settled and the departmental meetings were under way. They lasted about one hour, and at quarter past five another gong of the bell announced that we were to go down in the gym for a short period of dancing, much to the relief of many. Down into the gym we rushed, eager to exercise our feet as we had been exercising our brains for the past hour. And maybe that wasn't strenuously!

About six o'clock still *another* clanging of the bell announced supper. Then, there was the grand rush. You would vow that the cafeteria of the Durfee High School was taking the place of the Salvation Army that day.

After supper the business meeting was held in the assembly hall, and after that—the entertainment. It was furnished by the Dramatic Club. The entertainment was certainly splendid. The first number on the program was "A Midnight Fantasy," in which the characters were a modern girl and an old-fashioned girl, both of whom told stories of their times and love affairs. The second number was a Russian Lullaby. Then a short but good Irish play, "Killarney," was presented. After that one of the alumni of Durfee High gave "Mysteries in Magic." He was truly very funny, and this was one of his tricks:

He said, "Someone name a card, and then think of something. I'll find the card in this pack and tell you what you're thinking of."

After a few in the audience had named a card, one of Weymouth High's most brilliant students, Frederick Nookum Andrews, yelled, "Jack of Diamonds."

"Jack of Diamonds," replied the magician, "Think of something."

"I am," said Nookie.

"All right," responded the magician, "you are in love with two women, a short one, and a tall one. You don't know which one to marry. Which girl will be the lucky one? You will marry the short one; the tall girl will be the lucky one!"

We all laughed, and Nookie even had the grace to blush. The star number of the program was a play, "The Valiant." It was a really splendid piece of dramatic work, and it was so effective that Josephine Caruso cried and got two spots, from the tears, on her dress. That was that!

We piled into our royal coaches and started homeward. In Taunton we got out and went into a drug store. Mr. Brown generously treated us all. Then we resumed our way home once more. It was about eleven thirty when we all got home, safe and sound.

J. Caruso '31

Did You Know That

The original part of the High School was erected in 1898?

The "Gym" was where 301 and the "type" room are now?"

There was only one room where 110 and 111 are?

The Assembly Hall was where 214, 210, 211, and 304 are?

Until 1915 there was a day's holiday for the Weymouth Fair?

Even before 1900 there was the same temptation on the part of some to carve on the desks as there is now?

Those maple trees along the drive were given by the "Monday Club" in 1899?

In 1900 there were eight teachers?

In 1906 Greek was dropped from the course of study?

In 1912 the School Orchestra was formed?

The mineral collection was given by Dr. Granger in 1895, and by Mr. D. M. Easton in 1898?

Myrtle Pray '31

High Lights of Next Term

Term begins	March 2
League Meeting at North Easton	March 18
Holiday—Good Friday	April 3
Senior Dance	April 10
Holiday—Patriots' Day	April 20
Exams	April 20
Reflector	April 24
Vacation	April 24

The Civic Centre

One of the most beautiful spots in Weymouth and a spot of which all Weymouth citizens should be proud, is the Weymouth Civic Centre.

The location of this attractive place is Middle Street, East Weymouth. The centre contains the Weymouth High School, the Junior High School, the Town Hall, an open-air auditorium, and the Memorial Wall and Cross.

The High School was the first structure erected on this tract of land. Gradually this building has been enlarged, until now it includes a large auditorium, two gymnasiums, and one of its wings contains the Junior High School.

The Town Hall, a copy of the Old State House in Boston, was started in March, 1928 by the contractors, Miles and Son, and was finished the day before Christmas in the same year.

The stage of the open-air auditorium, which is in the middle of the Civic Centre, has for its background a long wall which includes tablets with names of every Weymouth man who has fought in the wars of the United States. Because of unavailable records, there is no tablet for the Weymouth men who fought in King George's war. The corner stone of the wall, which was laid in April, 1929, is a stone taken from the battlefield of Gettysburg. In a hollow on the inside of the stone is a small box containing many things, some of which are of historic significance to Weymouth—some 1928 coins; stones from the landing place in Weymouth, England; cuttings from Weymouth newspapers; a Grand Army badge; an American Legion button; earth from the graves of Weymouth men buried overseas; a Weymouth town report of the preceding year; Town Meeting acts; and a paper containing the names of town officials.

The Memorial Cross, standing aloft on a small hill, is made of Barre granite and is copied from a cross in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington. The purpose of the Cross is to remind the citizens of Weymouth of the heroic men who paid the supreme tribute for their country.

Margaret Kelly '32

Operetta

The truth of the statement, "History repeats itself," has once again been proved at Weymouth High School, for our annual operetta was certainly a success. This year, it was a Russian one and was called "Sonia." Those who took part in or were in any way connected with it know how much "rushin' " it took to present "Sonia" so successfully. The costumes and scenery were beautiful, and special thanks should be given members of the cast for the capable way in which they handled their parts. Although the operetta will be reviewed with more detail in the commencement issue, the following should, at this time, be commended for their help in the presentation of "Sonia":

Mrs. McGrath for her wonderful work as the coach.

Mr. Calderwood, our well-known musical director, and members of the orchestra.

Mr. Monroe, who directed the singing.

The Art Department for the scenery.

The Carpentry Department of the Vocational School, who erected the scenery.

The Sewing Department for the gorgeous costumes.

The Domestic Science Department for the candy.

Mrs. White for taking charge of candy sales.

The Printing Department of the Vocational School, who printed the programmes.

H. S. L. '32

In chemistry: "And now we'll take wood alcohol."

Voice: "Hurry up and take it."

Donovan Drug Corp.

The Service Store Tels. Wey. 2023-1501-1502

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

A great many people avail themselves of our free delivery service. Why not you? Next time you need drug store merchandise, phone your order.

French Club

The French Club, under the direction of Miss Berry, has been meeting regularly and with a pretty good attendance, considering the number of its members that were busy with operetta rehearsals. Through the ingenuity and originality of the various entertainment committees, a great deal of enjoyment has been provided. At the last meeting the members exchanged French valentines, with verses written in French on them. At that meeting, all were entertained by an amusing play given under the direction of the presiding chairman, Louise Merrill. This play provoked much merriment for both the players and the audience.

Correspondence with High School students in France was voted on and Miss Berry has promised to obtain the addresses of a number of French boys and girls. You may be sure that all are looking forward to the answers to their first letters.

Marie Conroy '31, Secretary

Junior Class Meetings

The first meeting of the Class of '32 was held in 114 on December 20, 1930, for the purpose of choosing a nominating committee. Mr. Brown, the chairman, explained that the nominating committee should be made up of representatives from each junior home room; so, after much discussion, the following were declared members of the committee: "Dot" Branley, 211; "Red" Gould, 212; Newland Holmes, 215; "Wallie" Monahan, 216; "Ed" Perry, 217; and "Nunu" Taylor, 220.

The second meeting was held on December 31, 1930. At this time the nominating committee submitted a list of names of those people whom they had found to be eligible for office. From this list, on the first ballot, "Wallie" Monahan was elected President, and "Dot" Branley, Secretary. Mr. O'Donnell, chairman of this meeting, then turned the chair over to the newly-elected president, who took charge of the remainder of the meeting. On the second ballot, "Dick" Zeoli was elected 1st Vice-President, "Bob" Wadman, 2nd Vice-President, and Marguerite Goodrich, Treasurer.

The third meeting of the Junior Class was held January 9, 1931. After Mr. O'Donnell had given the class some suggestions about parliamentary law, the following motions were made and seconded:

1. That plans for a Junior Party be discussed.

2. That a ring committee of seven be appointed by the chair.

3. That a committee of arrangements for the class party be appointed by the chair.

4. That a decorating committee of seven be appointed by the chair.

The president appointed as members of the ring committee:

"Edie" Baker	Wesley Holbrook
Irene Cook	Stewart Loud
Marie Galligan	Richard Roche
Barbara Wolfe	

Sue Harper '32

Alumni Notes

The Alumni Editor wishes to thank all those who have ably assisted her in preparing a column for this issue. From Tufts College comes the following:

Tufts Press Bulletin.

Miss Nancy Adams, a sophomore at Jackson College, the Department for Women at Tufts, is making an exceptionally good showing scholastically. She is especially interested in German. Miss Adams also finds time to assist with the work of the Alumni Office, and is an assistant to Professor Miller, who is Secretary-Treasurer of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. She is pledged to Sigma Kappa Sorority.

Miss Adams is a graduate of Weymouth High School, Class of 1929.

From some unknown member of the class of 1929 came a letter enclosing the following:

Mary Daley, Chandler Secretarial School.
Cynthia Eck, Vesper George Art School.
Helen Lang, Chandler Secretarial School.
Alberta Richmond, Hyannis Normal.

From Miss Tonry, Mr. Pearson's secretary comes the following:

Philip A. Conathan (Gus), 1929, is reported on the honor roll at Worcester Academy and has been elected Captain of the Foot Ball Team for next year.

Aileen McGrath and Helen O'Halloran, 1930, first-year students in the Normal School at Johnson, Vermont, have made the first team in basketball.

The Class of 1929 held their reunion in the Weymouth High School Gym, on Tuesday, December 30, at 8 P. M.

The following alumni are members of the Class of 1930:

Antoinette Cirigliano, Burroughs Calculating School.

Muriel Golby, Stetson Shoe Company.

Eunice Johnson, Stetson Shoe Company.

Isabelle Hawley, Weymouth Light & Power Co.

Did you know that Miss Velma Abbott, Mr. Hilton's clerk, and Miss Herberta Stockwell, the nurse, graduated with the Class of 1917?

The following alumni are taking post-graduate courses at Weymouth High School:

Andrewena Bell, Robert Kibby, Richard Dorley, Wilbur Tirrell, Russell Tower.

Miss Emily Sherman '30, is employed by the American Agricultural Chemical Co.

M. De Boer '30

An Exhortation

Hark ye, fellow members of the oppressed sex! Too long have we lived beneath the yoke of convention. It is for us to show our spirit and give vent to our feelings in color and freedom of dress. It is true that Mr. O'Donnell and Leonard Bryant, with their gay neckties, have taken a decided step, but it is only a small one. I recall, when I mention freedom of dress, the three dauntless, far-seeing youths who so fearlessly displayed their spirit in gay flowered jackets.

I herewith present a few suggestions for a colorful, comfortable, informal costume. The shoes may be a pair of red dancing slippers or pink moccasins; the trousers should be large and baggy and of an attractive robin's egg blue or old rose; the shirt should be of tight-fitting red or lavender silk; the necktic, which is merely draped about the neck, may be of some sombre color, such as yellow (to match the socks); the hat, which is not necessary, may be a remodelled woman's hat cut up and dyed a becoming Nile green or flesh color. Perhaps you will agree with me now, that the new dress would be a vast improvement over our present conditions.

Al '31

Answer to "An Exhortation"

Hark ye again, O members of the so-called "oppressed sex!" It was my privilege to read the work of the "poor, dominated, and downtrodden" before it went to the press.

Too long, indeed, have you lived under the "yoke of convention." Shame on you if you have not power enough to throw it off!

Personally, I cannot see anything comfortable in slopping stockings. Yet how many of the "oppressed" do we see with their stockings pulled up?

Now far be it from me to find any flaws with the honorable gentleman's proposed costume. But how comfortable would the pretty slippers be when you stubbed your toe? I suppose I should not have mentioned that for how easy and convenient it would be for the "fairer sex" to take their vengeance on the disobedient "little ones."

The next thing in the costume which I could find fault with is the trousers. Did the far-sighted gentleman not realize that shorts are much more "cool and comfortable"? And they come in all colors including the pastel shades that are so popular now. (But, *please*, for art's sake, get a shade that goes with your complexion.)

As for the shirt,—heavens, anything but a tight fitting one!—silk, yes, but Russian in style that is more of a blouse effect.

And, O ye of the "oppressed sex," how can ye be so inconsistent as to *suggest* such a thing as a cravat? Absolutely, No! A turned back collar is *much* more appropriate if you do not have a round neck on the blouse.

And if you *must* imitate the opposite sex in "headgear," why not a small beret in pastel shades?

I hope that my attempt of costuming, which my course in exterior decorating has helped me plan, may be as agreeable to you as that of mon pauvre petit, Al. However, I bet you *won't appear in it!*

Respectfully submitted,

MARY.

Vera: "Gee, Don would make a good fireman."

Helen: "How's that?"

Vera: "Because he never takes his eyes off the hose."

Comments from Division IIB1

Henry (not Higgins) may have made a lady out of Lizzie, but we doubt if Miss Jefts will ever make Frenchmen out of us.

Oui!—Pardon the French—We want to know what is the matter with our cheer leaders at the basketball games.

All we hear is: "Booh! Booh!" or perhaps: "Boo hoo!" when we lose.

To the one who writes "Be a Benny" all over the blackboards, we advocate "Be a Berry."

(Any information concerning this may be obtained from Mlle. Harriet Berry)

We suggest that if the "Varsity Club" would supply a few attractive dancing instructors (both sexes) the attendance at the dances would be increased.

(We hope that if this is done the so-called instructors will teach us how to change rapidly from a waltz to a fox trot, or vice versa, in case the orchestra decides to become playful)

It was once said that we needed plush seats in the assembly hall when we had music, so that we could sleep better. Now, may it be suggested that we need sound-proof ear muffs —ask Grandpop; he knows—so that the other fellow's snoring won't disturb our slumbers?

After our having "Doll Day," the seniors have come to life and are suggesting "Freak Day." Now, fellow students, we ask you, is it necessary? (No ill feelings intended)

Georgia Alden '33

Senior Class Meeting

A meeting of the Senior class was held on Monday afternoon, January 19, in Room 114. The picture committee was chosen, comprising of Bernice Lippincott, chairman; Dorothy Reilly, Eleanor Colligan, John Veerling, and Kenneth Kennedy. The Senior Dance committee was also chosen with Eleanor Cox as chairman, Margery Caswell, Celia Higgins, Dent Caton, and Malcolm Kemp.

Dates for both the Senior Dance and the Class Play were decided upon; the former is to be on April 5 and the latter, June 10.

Maude Beaton '31

Senior French Plays

Much hitherto unsuspected dramatic talent is being discovered every day in the dramatization of "Les Oberlé" by the senior French classes. One of these days we may unearth a real star. In fact, we believe we have discovered a true genius in the person of Martin Mahoney, who portrayed a drunken soldier with such true characterization that it actually grated on the finer sensibilities of the teacher. The scene was banned as being quite too sordid for our noble-minded seniors.

In truth, we are becoming so skilled as to present scenes frequently without one rehearsal. Temperament, that seeming requisite of a truly great artist, has also been encountered. Miss Filomena Amaroso, on becoming incensed at the poor dramatic technique of her leading man, exploded then and there at the well-meaning young fellow.

Who knows? We may yet produce a John or an Ethel Barrymore. *Maude Beaton '31*

Senior Party

On December 29, a school night, the supreme powers let the seniors revel until ten-forty. After Marie Conroy showed us some up-to-date dance steps, the gathering was offered a laugh by Dent Caton and John Veerling as Sonny Boy and Mammy.

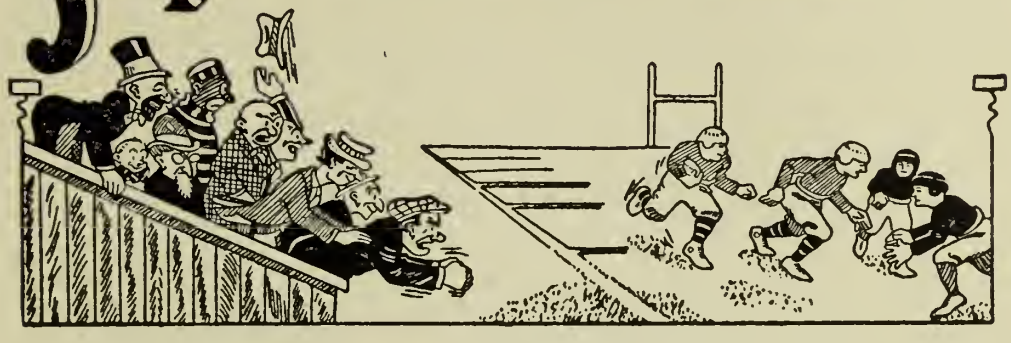
Reilly, a rising Einstein, proved that a small body can possess as much hot air as a large one by winning the balloon race. Then came the dance, with three features: the orchestra (Frannie Whittle's) was great; the mistletoe was well patronized, in fact, it was stolen afterwards. And our dancing teachers, Mr. Whittle and Mr. Stewart, gave some of the girls a "lucky break." It was lucky that Miss Agnew was there to chaperone the party.

Everyone had a good time, especially a certain blond young man who was so studious that he brought his teacher along with him.

Bryant '31

SMITH'S BOOK STORE
Greeting Cards for All Occasions
Full Line of Dennison's Goods
Washington Street, Weymouth, Mass.

ATHLETICS



Basketball

Mr. Kennedy is greatly pleased with the progress his team is making. At each game the boys show more improvement. By the end of the season our team will be working like an expensive machine. The team will not be broken up by the graduation of players, and next year the squad will be a veteran aggregation.

Taylor is the high scorer thus far, and Neptune is pressing him fast. Such rivalry as this is an asset to the team. Mr. Kennedy expects that soon all his players will be right at the top of the list.

High School vs. Alumni

If a team's progress is gauged by its start, our Kennedy-coached quintet should have a successful season.

On Friday evening, January 2, our basketball season was opened by a 32-21 victory. The squad is rounding out into good form and the Alumni were outscored by 11 points. Foskett, Johnson, Taylor, Stellar, Stetson, Murry, and Higgins saw service in the first team, all played good, early season basketball.

Quincy vs. Weymouth

Our basketball squad journeyed to Quincy on January 6, only to be defeated by the Quincy Hoopsters. Our boys seemed to lack that team work necessary to give them a win over Quincy. The final score was Weymouth 19—Quincy 31.

Hingham vs. Weymouth

A fast Hingham five swooped into our gym on January 9 and emerged the victor in a fast game. It was made clear that our boys have not hit their stride, but a few defeats should not hinder them if they keep playing better basketball. We were defeated by 16 points, the final score being Weymouth 16—Hingham 32.

Natick vs. Weymouth

Ill luck again struck our basketball team amidships, and our five fell before the visiting Natick team. Our team was somewhat surprised to find Natick appearing at 2:30, as the game had been scheduled for the evening. They put up a game fight, only to lose by a 24-9 score. Defeat seems to have discouraged our team, but when they "ditch" that phantom luck, look for some real basketball.

Rockland vs. Weymouth

Although Weymouth lost to the Rockland quintet on January 16, it was not a disgraceful rout. The team is showing great improvement and Rockland was lucky to win by two points. The second team fared better, and defeated their opponents by nine points. If the improvement shown at Rockland keeps up, we shall soon be in a winning mood.

Braintree vs. Weymouth

Weymouth threw off her jinx on Jan. 20, and defeated Braintree 27-22.

As our boys have shown that they can play basketball, they should win a fair part of the games. They played hard basketball in the Braintree game and earned the victory.

Milton vs. Weymouth

The Milton boys took the count over our quintet on January 23. We must admit that Milton played superior basketball. Surely it was no disgrace to be defeated by this team. At least our boys put all they have into the game and they are getting better, not worse.

Plymouth vs. Weymouth

Weymouth redeemed herself on January 27 by taking Plymouth 28-27. It was a close, hard game throughout, and was a well-earned victory. Again our hoopsters have demonstrated that they *can* play basketball. No excuses will be accepted for future mistakes.

U. S. Naval Training School vs. Weymouth

The sailor basketball team nosed us out of a victory on January 30, by a scant 4 points. Notwithstanding Neptune's four baskets and four fouls, his work could not win the game.

The Standing of the Players

	Baskets	Fouls	Points
Taylor	19	7	45
Neptune	13	8	34
Foskett	9	4	22
Stetson	9	3	21
Murry	4	5	13
Johnson	3	1	7
Stella	3	1	7
Petrucelli	1	0	2
Second Team			
Stetson	12	1	25
Shields	10	2	22
Daly	7	1	15
Harrington	5	3	13
Gannon	7	1	15
Zeoli	1	0	2
Sullivan	0	1	1

F. N. Andrews '31

Track

The track team, under the direction of Mr. Page, has begun indoor practice.

The squad is graced by the presence of many old veterans and seems to have the makings of a record breaker. Mr. Page is giving the boys the highlights on track and field theory, and in a few weeks we expect Weymouth to step into the limelight.

Track is a mighty good sport. It is a great muscle builder and the best part of it is that everyone will be given a show. A candidate will be given a chance to compete in meets; he will not sit on any bench.

Faculty Basketball

The urge of youth and action has struck our faculty and the result is a basketball team. This team is incomparable. Its manager is Mr. Whipple, the director of the Vocational School, and it is being coached by "Freddy" Kennedy, that wonderful machine of muscles and brain. With such scholars and stars as Mr. Gannon, Mr. Whittle, Mr. Steele, Mr. Page, Mr. Lyond, Mr. Delahunt, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Duncan, and Messrs. Hilmer and Jalmer Nelson, the team cannot go wrong.

Braintree Faculty vs. Weymouth Faculty

The famous team from Braintree was routed by our dashing basketball knights. Braintree had been undefeated up to this time and it is a great honor for our gentlemen teachers to have defeated Braintree 19-16. If our team keeps up this pace, we shall be able to claim new honors.

F. Andrews '31

Basketball

What is the trouble with the high school basketball team? In answering this question I shall first attack the student body with a few ideas and suggestions. From over one thousand pupils in the school there are no more than five or ten who really care whether a game is lost or won. We are happy if we see a gathering of fifty at a home game. Why does this condition exist? My attempt to reply is: "Perhaps we have no leaders." But even this is no solution. Then, again, there is a disgusting amount of "booing" and "razzing" at the games. We know that there is not that type of sportsmanship in the school only. But how are we going to make others believe it?

Moreover, I should like to say that the players seem to know what to do, but lack a certain "push" that would put them ahead of the other fellow. There are several tall and capable boys in the school. Why do they not play? The public suggests that our team is of small players, and therefore the big fellows should be started in junior high or even when they are freshmen. If a source of players were provided for in this way, there would be no want of material.

Now for the team itself: sluggishness in thinking is perhaps the greatest fault and indifference about winning is next. The candidates do not care; they use every possible excuse to avoid practising; they "fool" away their time instead of working.

I would suggest that some of the teachers get into the spirit of this disaster, and introduce, as well as aid, measures of relief.

John Moulton '31

Typewriting Tests

The following typists wrote the January speed test at the rate of 40 or more perfect words per minute for a period of fifteen minutes:

Seniors:

Mary Flockhart	47
Catherine DeLuca	43
Ruth Blanchard	42
Alice O'Brien	41
Edith Tirrell	41
Roberta Fletcher	40

Juniors:

Henry Anderson	44
Elberta Parker	43

Exchanges

Durfee Hilltop, Fall River, Mass.
The Red Cap, North Attleboro, Mass.
The Sachem, Middleboro, Mass.
Record, Newburyport, Mass.
Stetson Oracle, Randolph, Mass.
Auroran, Muscatine, Iowa.
English High Record, Boston, Mass.
Spice Box, Avon, Mass.
The Pointer, Quincy Point, Quincy, Mass.
The Reflector, Woburn, Mass.
The Clarion, Jamaica High, Boston, Mass.
Red and Black, Whitman, Mass.
Student's Pen, E. Bridgewater, Mass.

Edith Baker '32

"This paper tells of a man in Chicago who lives on onions alone."

"Well, anyone who lives on onions ought to live alone."

Teacher (to one of the boys who was eutting up in school): "James, sit down in front."

James: "I can't. I'm not made that way."

Have You Noticed?

The riot of colors which "Wallie" Monahan always has on?

That a certain senior has a mania for using the word "pure"?

The way some of our very sedate seniors gather in the vicinity of 207?

That a young lady in 220 is partial to Hingham blondes?

That Ken Kennedy's misplaced eyebrow is reappearing?

That certain members of IIIA3 are attempting to behave? ? ?

That Abe Infusino has been the cause of several bad cases of hero worship?

The unconquerable spirit of two W. H. S. basketball players displayed in the presence of their "inspirations"?

That there is usually a large class in Mr. Stewart's room after school? Is it choice or necessity?

The puppy blankets that several Beau Brummells of W. H. S. wear on their feet?

That the rumble seat of Ed Perry's car is used almost constantly by two juniors?

That a certain red-headed junior seems to be most popular with his teachers?

The way several W. H. S. pupils at basketball games wreak their vengeance on chewing gum, when Weymouth finishes at the short end of the score?

That Charlie Bennett puts a poppy to shame when called an "inspiration"? (Ask the Four Musketeers)

Martin Mahoney's new coat? (We are told that several kitties in the vicinity of Martin's house are missing.)

That Evelyn Norwood likes to play parlor games?

That a blonde young man in 212 seems to have taken the room by storm? How about it, Marie?

That "Bee" Lippincott's mind is sailing? Is it with him?

That Irene Cook can usually be found in the vicinity of 218?

That a certain kind of hair tonic has its attractions for Dot Reilly?

How girl-shy (?) Joe Thomas is?

The cute little curl that Stewart Loud is encouraging? (Or is she?)

A Junior

Dear Flannelmouth:

By what right is golf entitled to be known as the "ancient and honorable game?"

Joe O'Connor.

Well, did not David make a hole in one? Didn't Sapphira try to improve her husband's lie? Wasn't Queen Elizabeth always in the ruff? And what about Magellan, who went around in 1521?

Dear Flannelmouth:

Do you really think combs were used by the early Romans?

John Gaab.

Why, of course! Who hasn't heard about the catacombs of Rome?

My Dear Flannelmouth:

Why is the editor always blowing you up?

Andy Abbott.

Well, you see, that's her way of giving me a raise.

Dear Flannelmouth:

What is a volcano?

Walter Lewis.

A mountain that evaporates.

Dear Flannelmouth:

Did you realize that the Greek classics are now being revived and given modern touches?

Allan Kjellman.

Why, no. But if it's true, it will probably mean that athlete's foot was really what brought Achilles down, won't it?

Dear Flannelmouth:

What quality do you think a girl desires most in her husband—intellect, wealth, or appearance?

Mary AuCoin.

Appearance. And the quicker he appears, the better.

Dear Flannelmouth:

There are several things about etiquette that are bothering me. For instance: (1) Is it ever permissible for a young woman to ask a man she has never met to call at her home? (2) What does it indicate when a man talks with a lady with his hat on and a cigar or cigarette in his mouth?

Dorothy Bearce.

(1) Yes, if she asks him to call for the laundry. (2) That he is married.

Dear Flannelmouth:

What is a financier?

Dolly McGlone.

Something you get when you become engaged.

Dear Flannelmouth:

What does *E Pluribus Unum* on coins mean?

John McCollock.

"In God We Trust."

Dear Flannelmouth:

When does history repeat itself?

F. Riley.

When you flunk it. N'est-pas?

Dear Flannelmouth:

What's worse than raining cats and dogs?

Alice Lebossiere.

That's simple! Hailing street cars.

Dear Flannelmouth:

Who is it that keeps talking and talking when no one is interested any more?

Harriet Berry.

A teacher.

Dear Flannelmouth:

Do you think Henry Ford would make a good President?

John Moulton.

Sure, the country needs a good shaking up. Besides he's got the makings of another Lincoln.

Dear Flannelmouth:

How can I avoid falling hair?

Connie Avenell.

Jump out of its way.

Dear Flannelmouth:

Honestly now, do you think women like egotistical men as well as the other kind?

John Veerling.

What other kind?

Dear Flannelmouth:

Why doesn't the modern young man serenade his girl under her window at midnight as they do in Cuba?

Georgia Alden.

Don't be silly, Georgie! The modern girl isn't in that early.

Dear Flannelmouth:

What raw product does America export to China? John Bentley.

Missionaries.

Dear Flannelmouth:

Do you know anything about the Acts of Habeas Corpus?

Eleanor Dwyer.

No. Never heard of the man, to say nothing of his acts.

"Why, Mrs. MacFoozle, I didn't know your little boy had to wear glasses."

"Well, he's not obliged to, but they were a good pair of my dear old husband's and I thought it seemed such a pity to waste them."

Misused Slogans

1. "The hams what am"—Gentlemen of the chorus.
2. "The flavor lasts."—Bermuda onions.
3. "Good to the last drop"—Haviland China.
4. "The strength of Gibraltar"—Limburger cheese.
5. "Keep that schoolgirl complexion"—United Powder Co.
6. "Eventually, why not now?"—United Undertakers' Association.

John Newton '34

The First Offense

The boy sat nervously fidgeting with the open collar of his shirt. He was not more than seventeen years of age. It was plainly evident that this was his first experience in such a place. In vain did he stare at these hard-faced men for some sympathetic glance, and looked to see if someone like himself was there for the first time. Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a voice calling, "Next!" The man beside him poked him with his elbow. The boy arose and, for the first time, asked for a shave.

Walt Snow '31

The other day, as I was walking down the street, I overheard this conversation:

"My dear, I just saw her going down the street! Isn't it too bad?"

"Yes, I haven't asked Mrs. W. H. S. what's the matter—but isn't she thin?"

"I've heard she has the best of food and Doctor Student is a very good doctor."

"Oh, if you won't say a word, I'll tell you a secret. She has the best of food, yes, but she hasn't enough. Just between you and me, I wouldn't say it anywhere else, Doctor Student isn't doing *just* what he ought to!"

"Is that so? Poor REFLECTOR!"

Poor REFLECTOR is right!

Come on, Doctor Student, give REFLECTOR a lot more pills and medicine. *Editor*

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Mary: "What does a Latin professor get?"

Helen: "Oh, about $3000 a year."

Mary: "And a football coach?"

Helen: "About $12,000."

Mary: "Quite a difference."

Helen: "Well, did you ever hear 40,000 people cheering a Latin recitation?"

SEEN ON EXAMINATION PAPERS

"Summer days are longer than winter days because the heat expands them."

Question: "Name a deadly poison."

Answer: "Aviation. One drop will kill."

"An axiom is something like this: 'A watch on the wrist is worth two on the Rhine'."

"Homer was the man that made Babe Ruth famous."

"An optimist is an eye doctor."

"And then the man cried, 'You stole my girl, you horse thief'!"

"Some things that contain starch are collars and cuffs."

"Northern lights are caused by the rising of the sun behind icebergs."

"A connoisseur is a prehistoric animal."

Visitor: "Who was that very slangy chap you were just talking to?"

John: "He's our English teacher enjoying a day off."

Mary: "I'll have you know I'm not a fool yet."

Helen: "Well, you're pretty near one."

Mary: "So I am. I'll just walk away a little."

Doctor: "Did you take my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?"

Patient: "I did my best, but I couldn't keep it up for more then ten minutes."

Willie: "Maw, that dentist you sent me to that was advertised painless wasn't."

Mother: "No?"

Willie: "No, I bit his finger and he yelled just like any other dentist."

"What makes you think your room-mate is lazy?"

"Oh, he accidently dropped a book last night and then he shoved off three more so it would be worth while picking up the first one."

Mr. White: "Bob, what does this 60 on your report card mean?"

Bob: "Don't know father, unless it's the temperature of the room."

Mrs. Stone: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the milk boiled over?"

Mary: "Well, I did. It was a quarter past two."

SENIOR KNOCKS

NAME	PET EXPRESSION	HOBBY	HOW CHARACTERIZED	LOCATION IN 1950
A. Abbott	"Ah Wah"	Running taxi	By his spats	Chauffeur for D. O'D.
D. Caton	"Get hot, big boy (boey)"	Selling tickets	By his talk	Picking cotton in the South
E. Cox	"Is that right?"	Receiving tips	By her laugh	Chicago Grand Opera
E. Karstunen	"Jiminy crickets"	Dancing	By her blush	Hostess at the TENT
K. Kennedy	"The Lord shot a duck"	Matching coins	By his mustache	Instructor of Frisco
C. Leahy	"He can't help it"	Being sarcastic	By her wise remarks	History teacher
A. MacKean	"Say *please*"	Girls	By his hair	We wonder
E. McFawn	"O!! Oh!!"	Parties	By her dress	Follies
J. Moulton	"Class meeting today"	Making hydrogen sulphide	By his politeness	Experimenting
M. Norwood	"Gee, it's honey fun"	Repairing flat tires	By her walk	Mannequin
H. Pratt	"O you!"	It must be love!	By her size	Model
M. Stone	"Am I sorry?"	Being late	By her red hair	Looking out for W. T. Grant's welfare—
L. Teague	"Where have you been all my life?"	Running Matrimonial bureau	By his goggles	End man for Black and White Minstrels—
R. Treanear	"Do you think so?"	Disagreeing	By her naiveness	Elocution teacher
H. Warner	"I f-f-fooled you"	School days	By his awkwardness?	Running Beauty Parlor for women

By Our Gang '31

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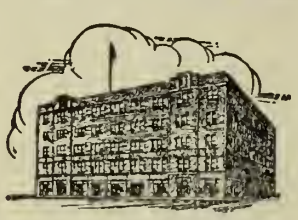

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